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ANGLO-AMERICANS.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

THERE is no subject more interesting to an English traveller in the United States than the career of his fellow-countrymen who have settled in that country. Many causes, often complex in their nature, have induced the immigrants to leave Britain. The great majority, however, have sought the New World hoping to find there a brighter lot than the home-land offered. Some for the sake of their children, some for political preferences, some from simple restlessness, have adopted the Great Republic as their future abiding-place. During the eclipse of British agriculture, large numbers of farmers, labourers, graziers, and the artisans connected with tillage, have joined the mighty hosts carving a shapely civilisation in the primeval Western wilds. But whatever they be, and wherever they be, the Anglo-Americans give a good account of themselves, and are contributing certain features to the society amid which they live. Faculties and tendencies that are merely asleep or suppressed in Britain, become prominent and energetic under the compulsions of the new life which the Anglo-American enters upon.

Owing to their superabundance at home, vast numbers of shopmen, clerks, small-traders, and those connected with commerce, have gone to the United States; whither thousands are continually following them; and owing to the enormous growth of business, which immigration itself adds to, large proportions of these persons have found employment in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other centres of trade. The majority have done fairly well; some far better than if they had remained in England. But those who went out speculatively had much to endure before they became assimilated to the new conditions of men and things. The 'riddling process' is more terrific in the United States than in England. Before a man gets sifted through the mesh that fits him, he has much to experience of a pain-

fully novel kind. Once through his 'prentice difficulties, however, the Anglo-American takes a place from which few competitors can dislodge him.

Business is pursued differently than amongst us, though international comminglings and competitions are hourly bringing commerce and trade to similar methods. Yet our drapers' assistants, for example, would find themselves out of their element in the dry-goods' stores of America. Here, our shopmen spend much time in panegyrics upon the fabrics they vend; and he who is most mellifluous in praise of his master's goods gets promotion. In the United States this specious volubility would cause the shopman's speedy dismissal. Customers judge for themselves, and any attempt to gild the pill excites contemptuous suspicion of the vendor. I was much amused with a little episode, which explains this better than any abstract remarks. A young haberdasher, newly from London, got a situation in New York. His first client was a gentleman in search of stockings. He piled all sorts of hose before the individual, who had a rural appearance, with a gushing eulogium upon each. The customer stared, but said nothing for some time. At length he quietly drawled: 'I say, mister, air you a darned ass?' 'No, sir!' replied the astonished youth. 'Wall, am I?' 'No, sir.' 'Then what air you telling me about them things? I guess this is a store, not a lecture-hall. If I buy, it'll be upon my opinion, not yours.' This led to a subsequent painful interview between the young haberdasher and his employer.

But though eager volubility is a positive disqualification for business, a slow unimaginative plodder is dropped after a short trial, no matter how painstaking in his department. In the United States, 'pace' is a first requisite. It is vain to complain of it, absurd to decry it, suicidal to combat it; for it does not depend upon individuals. The human brain vibrates quicker in the Western Continent than in Europe. Climate is more ardent. The mixed blood of Americans is derived from the most speculative, most

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adventurous, most practical of European peoples, and is making a new type of mankind, very different from the average Englishman. This is no novel statement, but one that has been uttered a thousand times. Yet it will bear repetition; for the new type is by no means crystallised into permanent form. Each decade something is added to the Americans, their plastic nationality taking on a new trait without effort. The hordes of Germans, Swedes, and Irish have considerably modified the people and its march during the past twenty years. Now, the immigration of myriads of English is having its effect. And great among the factors, producing further modification, is the freed negro. That result is an intensity of life such as obtains nowhere else in the world.

To the prevailing type the Anglo-American must approximate wholly, or in degree. From what I saw, it was evident, after his novitiate, the Englishman generally equalled the American as a business-man. Our youngsters required no very long period of drill to fit them for positions of responsibility. In a year or two, without aping the national manners, pronunciation, and habits of thought, the all-constraining media shaped the English boy into a resemblance of the native. But middle-aged Britishers adapted themselves with difficulty to the rapid, irreflective life around them.

Shrewdness and speed are combined by the best sort of Americans; but speed takes preference. While an Englishman is weighing the probabilities of business, his Cousin has effected his purpose, or smashed in the attempt. Business needs to be done smartly, and a man must have a reputation for so acting, if he seeks to advance. No matter what the field of enterprise, a paper-collar store or a bank, a man must 'run it' in a go-ahead fashion, or the business will languish. Anglo-Americans fully understanding this, often prove more than a match for the native. Many instances came under my observation, where my capable compatriots had dominated a particular business by their superior perception of the conditions of success. Americans have considerable imagination, and can project cyclopean enterprises, and often carry them to a brilliant consummation. Still, when an English immigrant gets hold of a 'big thing,' he can keep it against most competitors. Indeed, nothing is more common than to find English brain directing or assisting transatlantic mercantile and manufacturing establishments to developments beyond the daring of Europe. As anonymous partners, as managers, as chiefs of departments, or other spheres of control, capable and docile Englishmen exercise a great portion of that influence in the present progress of the United States which is attributed to the fear-nothing Yankee. In short, Englishmen and English capital are gigantic factors in the phenomenal success to which the United States have attained. Broad as the native mind is, the English is broader; great as native skill is in money-making, English skill is at least as great. The addition of a more circumspect morality gives Anglo-Americans frequent advantage over the sons of the soil.

Commercial conflicts are often waged more pitilessly than those of internecine war. This is the case in America. 'Smartness' too often

means unscrupulousness. What are reckoned crimes in London are regarded as peccadillos in New York. If one of our commercial men leads a client into a financial ambushade, or commits highway robbery on the Exchange, he is shunned, and his career damaged, if not destroyed. Not always so in America. Successful fraud goes frequently unchallenged, is sometimes openly applauded in certain circles. For the victim, there is little sympathy. He was too confiding—so much the worse for him. He will not make the same mistake when he gets up from his fall. For he is expected to get up. To lie still under a swindle is more reprehensible than to get up and swindle others. This sort of morality is fatal to trade, and the best sort of Anglo-Americans know it. Instead of playing scoundrel in turn, they become wary of scoundrels, and keep them at a safe distance. The bitter agony-period from 1873 to 1879 has created a number of business safeguards that did not exist before, and they are due in some measure to English example and English astuteness. Anglo-Americans want to keep their money safe; a traditional veneration for capital runs in their veins. Hence the tightening of the systems of credit. While eager for gain as any Yankee, they are still more eager for the solidity of their customers. Clever Anglo-Americans would not waste time on perfecting wooden nutmegs; they know the end of such things. This trait counts enormously in their favour, in the conflict for business with natives, and with immigrants from Germany, France, and Italy.

The conflict is likely to be more severe in the future, owing to changes coming over the rising generation in the United States. For more than a century, Americans have tended in the second and third generations to urban rather than rural pursuits. This tendency is now becoming a passion. Farmers' sons are lured to city life like moths to a candle. Agriculture, which has made the country what it is, and which must continue to be the basis of its growth and the motive of its real prosperity, is being abandoned by those reared to follow it. Farmers send their boys to the best schools. The taste of the Pierian spring gives them a thirst for book-knowledge, and induces a dislike of manual labour. From school they go to college, at their parents' expense, or by their own efforts; for American boys, determining to be learned, will find ways and means that never enter the minds of their British Cousins. By some avenue, ambitious rurals climb the steep of Parnassus and never return to the plough. As school-masters, clergymen, professors, and the light-cavalry of civilisation, they seek careers in the cities. Some have no reason to repent the calls of ambition; but many have a weary struggle to middle age, when success, or the grave, relegates them to a state of quietude. But theology, teaching, law, medicine, and the rest of the learned professions cannot absorb the teeming multitudes now crowding them. Mediocrity gets a decreasing chance of a bare subsistence. The overflow goes perforce into some department of trade or commerce. It is the only path open to those who will neither be artisans nor tillers of the soil. At the present moment, there are multitudes of University graduates touting for

Insurance and other Companies in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and elsewhere, glad to earn a few dollars by the most repellent, disheartening, and ill-paid toil. For the sake of city life, the attire of a gentleman, and the hope of making a quick fortune, these jostling young gentlemen endure privations, degradations, and shabby discouragements, that react seriously upon morality. Culture has given a keener edge to intellect, and a false idea of gentility demands pecuniary success at any hazard.

There is in the business atmosphere of the United States an electric intensity not found in the most frenzied centres of Europe. The flood of highly educated youngsters, now being thrust into it, must add to the desperate conflict, and young immigrating Britishers must be prepared for difficulties that their elders have not known; there is a combat waiting them far sterner than any waged in tumultuous, competitive Europe.

Besides, the major operations of business are no longer in the hands of individuals. Visible or occult gangs control the harvests, the mines, the railways, the manufactures, the politics, and to a certain extent, the journalism of the United States. Against the operations of the confederated lions of trade, the ablest man, single-handed, is as powerless as before a tidal wave. Honesty counts for nothing; prevision is worse than blindness, for combinations of speculators defy all calculations. The 'corner' is now the mode of making great wealth. And wealth is the object of an infinite majority of Americans; the spending of it lavishly the *beau idéal* of enjoyment.

This makes excitement a necessity of existence. From childhood to age, incessant mental activity must be had; and it is curious to observe that speed of mind is accompanied by great bodily quietude. The lolling, lounging, arm-chair-loving Yankee has long furnished amusement to British athletes and pedestrians. But this corporal laziness is the necessary result of restless mental exertion. Brains have so much to do, that limbs are compelled to be quiescent. 'To get on' in the United States, mind, not muscle, is the prerequisite. Intending emigrants should ponder this.

For artisans there are just now excellent prospects. A great impulse of activity prevails; everything is 'booming' in the most encouraging manner. But British tradesmen must be ready to exchange old methods for new ones, to forget much, and to learn much. I have heard bitter repinings from men who were too rigid to yield to American ideas. Such should remain at home. Anglo-Americans have to work harder than any other people in the world. When I was in Cincinnati, bricklayers were earning a pound a day, and the same rate prevails in many other cities. But the work was far more exhausting than in England. Here a bricklayer is reckoned a good hand if he sets nine hundred bricks per day; a thousand is high water-mark. In the United States, fifteen hundred is the average, and some smart fellows have set two thousand per day. Now, at the outset, most Englishmen find this rapid style simply destructive. And there is no doubt that it taxes the energy of the strong and clever. Yet such is the custom of the trade. For the weak and incompetent, it means exclusion from first-class employment, and banishment to places remote from

thriving cities, where speed is slower, competition feeble, and wages low. Although the standard is so much higher than in England, our immigrants after a period of probation and 'hardening,' are found equal to all comers. An instance of this will be apropos.

A German master-builder was erecting a block of houses, and his employes were exclusively Germans. Four young English bricklayers applied for work. They were newly arrived, and met with several refusals. At length, two were taken on trial. By the end of the week, the four were engaged; by the end of a fortnight, all the Germans were dismissed, and the Englishmen carried the building to its completion. Their power of work, quickness, and steadiness gave them a marked advantage over the Germans. But their determination 'not to be licked' was the real cause of their triumph. That British characteristic tells prodigiously in favour of the Anglo-American, and makes him *facile princeps* amid natives and strangers. These young bricklayers told me they never worked so hard in their lives before, and were glad that a crucial test had revealed to them 'what they could do.' After this breaking-in, they were equal to the highest standard of American labour. One of them soon became an employer, and was making sure tracks for fortune when I last saw him.

What I have said of the building trades applies to all others. Indeed, the higher dexterity, taste, and skill a business requires, the more does the American workman respond to the demand. The plasticity of type to which I have referred is nowhere seen so plainly as in the domain of the useful arts. Germans and Frenchmen have given a finish to American manufactures, that is wanting in our own. Besides, there is a native neatness, the result of a high ideal of excellence. This matter deserves the serious attention of British manufacturers who are losing many markets simply from the clumsiness of their goods. There is rising in the United States a race of artists, designers, and artificers who promise to surpass those of all other nations. The fervour of the climate develops the æsthetic side of man; the clash of millions of eager, inventive minds is producing a standard of excellence that is both novel and exalted; the possibilities of wealth are vastly beyond those of any European state, and the love of the elegant and the beautiful pervades all classes. The inevitable sequence of these conditions must be widespread, all-dominating art. It is seen in the gorgeous public buildings, in the exquisite villas, in the light yet strong furniture, in the beautiful appointments of drawing-rooms and table equipages; while every American lady, yea, though black, is living evidence of an innate taste in dress, that makes the English suffer by contrast. Into every avenue of life this characteristic of taste goes, modifying manners and behaviour, as much as architecture, furniture, dress, ornaments, and tools.

The Anglo-American is, however poor, compelled to be a gentleman. I was gratified to note how quickly insular *gaucheries* and John Bullisms melted away in the solvent atmosphere. Workmen in England are not always careful of personal appearance, though

our young men are becoming so. But in America, after business hours it is impossible to distinguish a man by any external marks of his occupation. Artisans are dressed neatly, stylishly, splendidly, according to individual ideas and income. I have lived in hotels and boarding-houses with working-men whose clothes, deportment, and conversation gave not the least clue to their employments. Good manners are not only expected from all, but are insisted upon. Except in mining regions, where a conglomeration of international rowdies sets up a local code of behaviour, all Americans are urbane. And, by the way, in these mining districts the Anglo-American is equal to the best or the worst. Some of the greatest reprobates and desperadoes claim Old England as their motherland. Indeed, I could mention instances in point that prove our countrymen to be second to none as wielders of the bowie-knife and revolver. Yet, even in these lawless spots, woman is treated with considerate courtesy. The poorest of the sex claim a chivalrous attention. Rarely are brutalities and outrages inflicted upon women; and when they are, a recent immigrant or a drunken madman is the perpetrator.

Refinement of manners is nowhere more conspicuous than in the treatment of children. Anglo-American boys and girls have indulgences, pleasures, and intimacies with their elders quite unknown to their cousins in the East. I was struck with the extraordinary good conduct of children in school. There is a code of high behaviour ruling teachers and scholars that compares favourably with that of England. It was curious to remark, as I had occasion to do, how soon an immigrant's turbulent, irascible, opinionated boys were subdued to the prevailing behaviour.

In all sections of society, in all employments, in all latitudes, Anglo-Americans show 'a grit' that wins them position, wealth, and the good opinion of their neighbours. That intractable conservatism which marks them at home, evaporates in the brilliant air of the New World. They become Americanised. But they do not cease to love the old land; and no people are kinder to their visitors. They receive a Britisher with a warmth of hospitality and a depth of courtesy which prove that the old virtues develop with mind and fortune.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XVI.—'THIS IS MY FUTURE PARTNER, LADIES.'

THE dining-room at Lumby Hall was a place furnished for solid comfort's sake and with no regard to show. The walls, the ceiling, and the floor were all of oak. Dark maroon hangings kept a certain air about the chamber, as though to say that eating was not a busy matter here, but a thing to be done in shaded peace, and at what leisure the diner would. The oak floor, save for an edging some foot and a half in width, was deeply carpeted. The pictures on the walls were dull with time. The dim gold of their heavy frames relieved the sombre shades of the

oak panelling, but had no gewgaw quarrel with their age, as any modern gilding would have had. There was no new electro'd look on the silver stands and candelabra. The eyes of ornamental Cupids had grown dark; there were streaks of darkness in the Cupids' silver hair; their noses had grown blunt with the chamois leather of generations of butlers. All things wore a look of comfortable age. Sitting here, you were out of all disturbing influence, unless you were outside it in the literal sense of carrying it within you. There is no great comfort in new things. A new chair, stiff and shiny, sets one's teeth on edge with the creak of its leather, yet untrained to yield. Your old chair has found out all your angles, and is ready to adapt itself to a stranger's. Old shoes, old coats, old wines, old friends, what comfort there is in them! In the society of an old friend, you can lounge as you do in an old jacket; you have no fear of taking the gloss off him, or it. There is a sense of comfort, of long human proprietorship, which has left even it not unmarked with human interest, in old furniture. Not as it stares forlornly at you from the dim dustiness of half-fictional years in Wardour Street shop windows; but as it stands where it has been wont to stand, in any old chamber familiar to a family. The chairs in which generations of the same house have sat, the table at which generations have dined, the solid square decanters out of which great-grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers poured mirth and jollity—what are new things beside them?

Gerard and his father sat here, well content in the after-dinner hour, the old man sipping his glass of port, the younger his glass of claret.

'And so,' said the senior, balancing the nut-crackers, and looking across the table with a humorous air, 'you won't come up to London?'

'If you wish it, I will come,' answered Gerard. 'Otherwise, I don't care for it.'

'Oh,' hummed the old boy, not unmelodiously, "'There's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream.'" In his youth he had had a famous tenor voice, which, though now a trifle husky, had still something of its old mellow flavour left in it.

Gerard looked up at him, and laughed affectionately. 'Well, dad,' he said, 'why not? You had your day.' There was a little blush upon his face, which was not unbecoming, going as it did with such a friendly candour in his eyes.

'Yes,' the old boy answered, for good port disposes the heart to sentiment; 'I have had my day. I thank God for a tranquil afternoon, and the promise of a quiet evening.' They were both silent for a minute or two, and then he said in his usual tone: 'I'm afraid I must drag you away, my lad, but only for a day. I've been talking things over with your mother; and since you are going to get married, and can't very well do that on your allowance, I have thought of taking you over into the House, and transferring to you, say, half my share in it. You need never meddle with the business. I would rather you didn't meddle with it. So long as Garling lasts at least, it couldn't be in better hands. When I am gone, except for Milly's share, you will have everything; but I shan't follow King Lear's pattern even with so good a lad as you are. So I shall run up to town to-morrow, have a talk with

Garling—see exactly how I stand—and then go to Bryan, and get him to draw up the necessary papers; and then you must beg away for a day, and come up for the completion of the business.' Gerard would have thanked him; but he went on: 'And now, I've had wine enough, and I'm going up-stairs. Are you coming?' They rose together and left the room arm-in-arm. 'This is my future partner, ladies,' said Lumby senior, entering the drawing-room. 'We must have new blood in the business.'

Mrs Lumby rose and kissed her son, a little tremulously. They were a most united household, and had great love for each other. The coming change had cast a sort of tender shadow on them all. Gerard's marriage would bring about their first real parting.

In the morning, Lumby père, in highest spirits, started for London. It is fine to see a mellow-hearted man living over the morning of his days again in the knowledge of his son's felicities; and old Lumby was a pleasant sight. Snowy whiskers; beaming British countenance, handsomer by far in its well-preserved beginning of age than it had ever been in youth; ancient satin stock, voluminous, with shining buckle behind; white high collar, meeting the silver of his whiskers; hat broad-brimmed, and not too glossy; figure, clad in dull broadcloth, not too portly, but square and solid—the beau idéal of a country gentleman. Arrived in London, he drove to one of those city hostels, once numerous, but disappearing now, if the last of them has not already gone, where the solid mahogany tables and sideboards looked liquid with the polish of a century; where the Butler had known the fathers of all but the most ancient guests, and remembered the room you slept in when you first came up to London; where the table linen was all of the finest, the whitest, and the costliest, and in whose cellars, port 'elbow deep in sawdust slept, as old as Waterloo.' Most people like to be considered somebody, and the very Boots in this ancient hostel knew the House of Lumby and Lumby, and revered its head. He would have been a mere unit in a crowd at the *Langham*, and even there the port could have been no better. When, after luncheon, he walked down to the offices of the firm, the old servitor at the door capped him with a smile; the elder clerks bowed gravely; the younger, with a sense of awe, bent lower at their figures, and sent their quills across the paper with increased assiduity of aspect; and the old gentleman came, in short, like a little monarch of feudal times to his own. His heart was glad in his only son, and he was humbly grateful that it was in his power to lift him above all little worldly anxieties, and set him in the way to happiness. In the fullness of his heart, he stopped to speak to the oldest of the clerks, who had known him when he was a lad, and had gray whiskers when his father had first inducted him into the honour of a share in the firm.

'It is like old times to see you here, sir,' said the honoured clerk.

'Ah!' said Mr Lumby, 'it is like old times to be here.—Where is Mr Garling?'

'He is out at present, sir,' said the clerk; 'we expect him to return at once.'

'Mr Gerard is coming into the firm,' said Mr

Lumby with genial pride. 'These landmarks in life show us how old we are growing—eh, Johnson?'

'They do indeed, sir,' said the ancient clerk, flattered to be the first to hear the news. 'I remember your coming, very well, sir. You were Mr Gerard then.'

'You have spent a pretty good slice of your life here, Johnson, eh?'

'You may say that, sir,' said the old clerk, with a tremulous quaver in his old voice. 'Fifty years to-day, sir!'

'Nonsense!' cried Mr Lumby.

'Fifty years to-day!' the old clerk repeated. 'Half a century, sir. I came here on my fifteenth birthday, and I am sixty-five to-day.'

'Happy returns!' said the head of the firm, offering his hand, which the old man took gratefully. 'Happy returns! Will you come and dine with me to-night, if you have no other engagement?'

'I shall be honoured, sir,' the old clerk answered.

We have new-fangled ways now. Perhaps they are better than the old; but the affectionate veneration of the ancient servitor is rarely now to be seen in these fast-rolling days.

'Shall we say six o'clock?—Very well. We'll have a talk over old times, eh? You won't forget?' The idea of his forgetting!

Mr Lumby went up-stairs, and walked into his own room, where he rang for the *Times*, and sat down to wait for Garling. It was a square little room, hung on three sides with maps, and crowded with one big table and two heavy chairs. One side of it was of corrugated glass and wooden framework, and in this was a sliding door. Beyond this thin partition was Garling's room. Mr Lumby read his *Times*, and waited, with a comfortable heart.

CHAPTER XVII.—'YOU'VE GOT TWO NAMES, HAVE YOU?' THOUGHT HIRAM.

Hiram Search had had some reason to think the 'world a hardish patch to hoe, to copy the figurative locution of his native land. It had never been easy since he could remember, and of late years it had been full of struggles, which were mostly failures, to make both ends meet. But it is not until a man has tasted happiness that he can appreciate the full flavour of misery. Happily, the reverse also holds good, and a man can find the finer flavours of happiness when misery has cleansed his palate. For a little space, Hiram, like his betters, had been happy, and now came trouble, all the more troublous, as it always has been, for coming on smooth times. The daily crust must somehow be earned, and Hiram was away early and home late, though Mary sat crying at home, awaiting the funeral of her mother. Her father redeemed his promise, and took the funeral charges on himself. It was a poor and simple show, and no mourner followed the plain coffin. Garling paid for it, such as it was, and gave Mary a five-pound note.

'You will hold yourself in readiness for me,' he said; 'and I shall come for you in a day or two. I must make arrangements to receive you.' He gave her an arctic kiss, and went his way; and she, feeling quite desolate, strayed about the

empty house, and longed for Hiram's protecting presence. It was midnight when he came.

'We can't go on in this way, my darlin,' he told her. 'You must give me the right to protect you. Taint provident, I know; but there air some situations where it's wise to be improvident, an' this is one of 'em. We shall have to be careful an' savin'; but we have both had practice at that; an' I fancy I can allays find us in a roof an' vittles.'

'Not yet,' she pleaded tearfully; 'I couldn't marry so soon after mother's death.'

'We must find you cheerful lodgin's,' said Hiram; 'an' I must begin to turn round pretty sharp, an' look for some other kind o' labour, an' when I've got it, we must be married as soon as possible. Taint to be thought on, as I should leave you alone in the world a minute longer 'n I can help.'

'But Hiram,' she said timidly, clinging to him—'my father?'

'Wall,' said Hiram, looking on a sudden as hard and as keen as a razor, 'what about him?'

'He is coming to take me away,' she answered.

'Is he?' said Hiram. 'Air you goin' with him?—No, my blossom. I don't want to speak any harm of him; but he's got no claim over you or your doin's—none. His noo-born yearnin's 'll ha' to wait, I fancy. He choked 'em down, it seems, for nigh on a score o' years, an' now he can jest keep on chokin' 'em for my convenience.'

'He is coming to take me away with him,' she said.

Hiram treated this lightly. 'Don't go with him,' he answered, and thought that question settled. Then he kissed her tenderly, and went up to bed, but not to sleep. How to make a living? Such a living as would leave some margin over bare necessity, something, not luxury, but comfort, for his little girl? He could make nothing of the problem yet, and the schemes he devised had all some flaw in them.

The afternoon of next day, being Saturday, brought Garling back again. 'I am here,' he said, 'to take you home.'—She shrank from him.

'Are you ready?'

'No,' she answered, in fear of him.

He sat down, saying coldly, with an air of reproof, that he would wait until she had finished her preparations.

'But,' she said, scarcely knowing how she found courage enough to say it, 'I am not going.'

'You are in error,' he answered drily. 'Get ready at once, if you please.'

With a sort of desperation, such as a mouse might feel if in extremity it found the heart to face a terrier, she said again: 'I am not going. I have promised not to go.'

'You have promised? Whom have you promised?' he asked, looking darkly at her from beneath his brows.

'I have promised not to go,' she repeated with hysteric courage.

'You are of course aware,' he said coldly, 'that I, as your father, have complete control over you until you come of age. You are not yet twenty, and my control will continue for at least fifteen months. I promised your mother that I would exercise it, and I will.'

'Why did you leave us?' she panted. 'Why should I trust you to be good to me? I will not go.'

'Your mother,' he responded, coldly as ever, 'could have told you why I left you. I am a man, and cannot speak scandal of the dead.'

'You speak scandal,' she panted back again, 'in saying that you cannot speak it. I won't believe it—I don't believe it. My mother was a good woman, and you left her—you left her cruelly. I will not go with you.'

He had cared little enough to take her; but scoundrel as he was, he had not had the heart to refuse her mother's prayer; and though he had striven to beat the feeling down, he had it in his mind that there was some terror in wait for him if he should break his promise. But though he came reluctantly enough, the girl's opposition decided him as firmly as though her society were a necessity of life to him. Her reiterated refusal spurred his halting purpose. It was years since anybody had disputed an order of his, and the denial stirred his blood pleasantly.

'It is not a matter,' he said calmly, 'in which you can exercise a choice. I order, and you must obey.' He kept his eyes upon her until hers sank before them. He knew the virtue of that stony glance of old. It had helped to break her mother's spirit, and to make her the mere creature of his will. 'I wish to treat you kindly,' he went on; 'but I shall insist upon obedience, instant and complete. My method is decisive in all matters. I give you ten minutes in which to make ready. If you are not ready in that time, you will go as you are.'

'I will not go,' she protested wildly.

'You do not understand. Permit me to explain. I have a legal right over you. The first policeman in the street will see you into my cab at my order.'

What was she to do? She knew no better. 'What have I ever done to you?' she cried. 'I have lived by my own earnings, and I can do so still. You were cruel to my mother, and you broke her heart, and now'—

'And now,' he said, 'time flies. Obey me. Not a word, at your peril.'

Cowed by the brutal and contemptuous tone, and not able to guess how far his rights might stretch, or how far he would carry them, she left the room, and blinded with tears, mounted the staircase. Suddenly, as she stood disconsolate in her chamber, shaken with her own weeping, she clasped her hands at a thought, and falling on her knees, drew, from a shabby papered box which held all her belongings, a sheet of paper and a pencil: 'DEAR HIRAM,' she wrote—'My father is here. I am obliged to go. Pray, oh, pray find me. Live here, and I will send you my address; but he will watch me.—MARY.'

She crept on tiptoe to Hiram's room, and pinned the paper to his pillow, and then crept back again. Ah, there was hope! Hiram was clever, and brave, and strong. He would find her, and deliver her. She could surely manage to convey to him the news of her whereabouts; and he would find her, though the cruel father buried her underground. She knew nothing of the world; but why was she a woman, but to know that it would be wisest now to play at

resignation? She packed with trembling fingers, in haste, as though every hurried motion brought Hiram and her rescue nearer. When she descended, her father sat with his watch in his hand.

'You are ready? Where is your luggage?' She told him; and he called in the driver of the cab which stood before the door, and ordered him to bring it down. 'Come,' he said to his daughter, with cold discourtesy; 'get in first.' She passed the threshold; and he, having dropped the hasp which held back the main lock, followed, and they were driven away.

When Hiram returned that night at his usual hour, the door was locked against him. But he, being a man of expedients, and unwilling to disturb Mary, dropped over into the area, and entered by the kitchen door, supposing that the hasp had fallen by accident. There was nothing to warn him of his sweetheart's disappearance, except that his candle was not in its usual place upon its ledge in the narrow hall; but he disregarded that, and crept silently up-stairs. He struck a light in his own room, and glancing round it, saw the paper on his pillow. By the flame of the match, he read 'Dear Hiram,' and the name by which the note was signed. Before he could master a word beyond this, his frail light went out. He had no other; and in his anxiety to read the missive, he crept quietly down-stairs, not guessing even yet that he was alone in the house, and that the jewel which made it like a casket to his mind, had been stolen away. The night was gusty, and the wind in sudden bursts moaned up and down the streets like a houseless wanderer, uncertain where to go. He could find no light in the kitchen; but remembering how he had entered, and hearing how the wind shook the thin latch, he shot the bolt; and mounting the stairs as noiselessly as a ghost, he opened the front door, and leaving it ajar, went on tiptoe to the nearest street lamp, and there read the letter. Standing amazed and uncertain, with a chill sense of dismay upon him, he heard a sudden clap, which sounded like the explosion of a small cannon, and the wind came hurrying by with a hoarse rejoicing murmur. He darted back to the door, and found it closed. The house was locked against him.

This small disaster affected him curiously. It was like a bad omen; and he stood before the closed and deserted house like one whom the whole world had cast out. Shaking off his dejection, he walked, slowly at first, but more and more briskly as his thoughts shaped themselves, and the mental way grew clear before him, to a coffee-house he knew; and paying his sixpence for a bed, retired, and in spite of trouble and anxiety, slept fairly. He was astir betimes in the morning; and having secured a half-sheet of note-paper and a few wafers, he wrote, 'Letters next door at No. 97,' and walking to the house, fastened that legend over the letter-slip. Then came the routine of the day. Every time the omnibus passed the house in Fleet Street in which were situated the chambers of that Mr Martial to whom Hiram had once carried a message, the conductor mounted to the roof of his vehicle and stood there, scanning the windows eagerly. That afternoon—so simple seemed the knot which

Hiram had to untie—he saw Mary, caught her glance, and exchanged a signal with her. But he could not leave his post; and though he passed the house again twice before the daylight faded, he saw her no more. On the morrow, he secured a substitute to perform his duties, but was informed by a superior official that if this kind of thing went on, he would be dismissed.

'If that's so,' said Hiram, 'I shall be sorry; but it is as maybe.' It was but a poor way of earning a living, after all, and he was every day more anxious to break from it. Perhaps, if he could once be bold enough to leave it, he would pitch upon something better. He rode up to the house, dropped from the omnibus, and rang the bell. After some delay, Garling himself responded to the summons. He was dressed for the streets; and after one keen glance at Hiram, he came out, closed the door behind him, and walked eastward, as calmly as though his visitor had been invisible. Hiram followed; and at the touch of a finger on his shoulder, Garling stopped and faced about.

'What do you want?' he demanded.

'A word with you,' said Hiram in reply.

'It was you,' thought Garling in his secret mind, 'to whom she gave the promise not to go.' But he only said aloud: 'Speak your word;' and turned upon his heel again, leaving Hiram to follow. If he hoped to shake off the intruder, he was mistaken; the unwelcome hand was again upon his shoulder, so firmly this time as to bring him to a stand-still.

'I want to see Miss Martial,' said Hiram.

'Remove your hand, sir,' returned Garling coldly.—Hiram for sole answer moved him a little to and fro, as though to hint his own preparedness to shake a favourable answer out of him.—'Officer!' said Garling. A policeman paused in passing. 'This person annoys me.' It was so icily done, with a self-possession so perfect, that for a second Hiram was confounded, and he permitted Garling to withdraw himself and walk on. His perplexity lasted for a second only, and he followed at an easy pace, satisfied for the present to allow the cashier a start of ten or a dozen yards. Garling, looking not to right or left, went calmly on, with his hands clasped behind him, as his habit was, and Hiram followed him. Garling, with his wry forbidding smile bent downwards, surrendered his visitor as vanquished, and betook himself to thoughts of other things.

'Where you go, I go,' said Hiram quietly within himself. 'I'll have somethin' out of you afore I've done, as sure as water's wet.' Threading in and out among the passengers, he pursued the figure in front, and never took his eyes from it. Garling moved aside for nobody, but walked slowly, as though in green meadows, with not a soul in view, and everybody made way for him—which is the triumph of your impassive and unyielding men. Along Fleet Street, up Ludgate Hill, through St Paul's Churchyard, Hiram followed, and by this time treading pretty close on Garling's heels, pursued him into quiet Gresham Street.

'Mr Garling,' said a man in passing.

'Yes,' said Garling, walking on.

The man turned and walked with him. 'The Emerald Isle sails this evening; but the whole

consignment cannot be completed until to-morrow. Shall we send part by the *Emerald Isle*, or keep it all for the *Ohio*, which sails on Wednesday?

'Keep it for Wednesday,' answered Garling, without looking round or pausing in his walk. It was wonderful how for twenty years this chill abstracted manner had kept everybody about the House of Lumby and Lumby in awe of him.

'You've got two names, have you?' thought Hiram. 'That's a pull, to begin with.' The clerk who had addressed Garling had the air and manner of a gentleman, and the profound respect of his approach implied a high authority in the man he spoke to. At the wide door of the offices, the porter saluted Garling and received no response. On each side of the entrance was a small brass plate bearing the simple inscription, 'Lumby and Lumby.' The name struck a clear note in Hiram's memory. It was a man bearing that name who had lifted him out of the Slough of Despond less than half a year ago. He followed Garling, and no man spoke to him. The cashier had ceased to think of him; and if he noted the footsteps behind him at all, he took them for those of an employé of the House. And Hiram followed Garling so calmly, the clerks supposed that Garling knew of him, and had brought him to the office. Up-stairs and along a corridor, and then through a little door went the cashier; and Hiram pursued leisurely. At the sound of Hiram's entering footsteps, Garling turned. A flash of surprise passed over his face and left it calm again. He rang the bell; and a clerk came in response to it.

'Bring a policeman,' said the cashier calmly.

The clerk, with a glance at Hiram, retired.

'I am not alarmed,' said Hiram quietly; 'an' now we air here alone, we can have it out together quiet and comfortable; can't we, mister? Very well then. Here's the case as it stands. Your cards air these: You've got the little gell in your own hands, an' you're her father. My cards air: That you married in a false name; that you let the wife of your bosom starve to death if it hadn't been for the charity o' strangers; an' that you air open to a charge of abduction. Honest folks don't kerry aliases, Mr Garling-Martial or Martial-Garling, or what your name is. While you're calling for a policeman, you'd best give a wholesale order, an' have enough to take the pair of us. I charge you with abduction. If you have a right to the little gell, you have to prove it. You can establish your claim, mister, by admitting an illegal marriage.'

This was a bold shot; but it hit the very white of Hiram's expectations. A gray hue crept cloudily over the natural colours of Garling's face, and he fixed a deadly glance on Hiram.

'Look as ugly as you can, mister,' said the unwelcome visitor calmly. 'Nature's hand has been bountiful in that direction.—Walk in, officer.'

'Wait down-stairs,' said Garling to the policeman, standing in the doorway.—'What do you want of me, when all is said?' he asked of Hiram.

'I want my plighted wife, Miss Mary Martial, out of your wicked clutches,' he responded.

'If I refuse to surrender her?' asked Garling.

'Then I go to the first police court,' returned Hiram, 'an' charge you with abduction by force.'

'What proof have you that she came unwillingly?'

'A letter in her own handwriting.'

'Will you show me that letter?'

'Yes,' said Hiram; 'I will hold it up afore you. But if you offer to lay a hand on it, I shall prob'ly twist your wicked head off.' He held up the note, and Garling read it.

'What position have you to maintain a wife?' he asked.

'That is not the point,' said Hiram, folding up the letter. 'I've got the whip-hand, Mr Martial, an' I'm goin' to exercise my power, Mr Garling. Get up. You don't want Lumby an' Lumby to know your villainies, you hoary-headed reprobate.' Another shaft discharged at half hap-hazard; but it entered Garling's heart, and Hiram saw it, impassive as he was to look at. 'High in the confidence of a respectable British house, 'taint wholesome to be foolin' round, marryin' onder false names, an' starvin' wives, an' abductin' gells!'

How much, thought Garling, did the man know? How much was guess-work? He was too dangerous to be trifled with. 'Come to the point,' said Garling. 'What do you want me to do?'

'I want you to come now, without a minute's loss, an' surrender Miss Mary Martial to my care. An' if you delay one minute by the clock, I bring my charge.'

'Come with me,' said Garling, rising; and they left the room together.

'What horrible mystery is here?' said the head of the great firm, sitting white and wonder-stricken in the next apartment. Every word had reached him. 'Garling under an alias. GARLING! Incredible! Married? Left his wife to starve? Incredible again. And true, for he himself admitted it.'

LITERARY LARCENY.

Nor long ago, an expeditious rascal stole a transcript of the *De Consolatione* of Boethius, 'the last of the classics,' from the Vatican, and within a few hours sold it to another library in Rome. This rapid act of theft and barter was not the work of an ordinary thief, we may be sure. No one ever heard of a burglar ransacking a library; its treasures are not fish for his accommodating net. There are indeed petty rogues who lighten the railway book-stalls, and for whom the dealer in second-hand books lies in wait behind the open shelves within reach of every street-lounger's fingers; but, as a rule, books are caviare alike to the professional thief and the 'fence,' but for whom his occupation would be gone.

Nothing comes amiss to the soldier when looting is the order of the day. In the general scramble for plunder, he takes anything ready to his hand, as heedless of its worth or worthlessness as Bardolph, when he stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues and sold it for three-halfpence. One of the few surviving relics of the ancient library of Peterborough Cathedral is the *Chronicle* of Hugo Candidus, rescued from the clutches of a marauding soldier of the Commonwealth, who, giving up his prize on the payment of ten

shillings for its ransom, wrote on the fly-leaf: 'I pray you let this Scripture Book alone, for he hath paid me for it; therefore, I would desire you to let it alone. By me, Henry Topclyffe, souldier under Captain Cromwell; therefore, I pray let it alone, HENRY TOPCLYFFE.'

Better aware of the value of such things was Captain Silas Taylor, who 'garbled' the library of Worcester Cathedral; that is, culled from it whatever he had a mind to appropriate. Among the treasures he carried away was the original grant of King Edgar; which he afterwards offered to sell to King Charles II. for a hundred and twenty pounds; but His Majesty not being inclined to pay the price, the precious document remained in the Captain's possession until, evil days coming upon him, his belongings were seized by his creditors. Then Aubrey tried hard to persuade the prebends of the cathedral to purchase it back; but, says he, 'they cared not for such things; and I believe it hath wrapt herrings by this time.'

During the first hubbub of the Restoration, certain persons made a turbulent entry into the office of the Commissioners of Lands, in Lambeth Palace, and ransacked the records kept there, not a little to their diminution. Half a century later, Archbishop Parker's *De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ* disappeared from the shelves of the Palace Library, finding its way home again in 1757, as a gift from the Bishop of Durham; an honest acquisition to the archiepiscopal collection than certain manuscripts brought from the collegiate house of the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, under the pretence of examining and collating them, but never returned to their proper abiding-place.

If the cathedral libraries have suffered much from depredators, it is principally by reason of the carelessness or dishonesty of their official custodians. Concerning that of Lincoln, bibliographically famous for the books it does not possess, Edwards writes: 'The chief spoliator was so proud of his booty, that he took pains to commemorate the transaction as well as to turn it to profit. Among the choice volumes enumerated in "The Lincoln Nosegay, beyng a brefe table of certain bokes in the possession of Maister Thomas Frognell Dibdin, Clerke, which bokes be to be sold to him who shal give the moste for the same," are Caxton's *Dietes and Sayings of Philosophres*, his *Chronicles of England*, his *Cathon*, Pynson's *New Cronycles of England and of France*, the Edinburgh Bible of 1579, and a curious series of Tracts in early-English printing—all part of the collection of Michael Honeywood, Dean of Lincoln in the middle of the seventeenth century, the great restorer of the cathedral library.' The depletion of the library was commenced before Master Dibdin's day, the Dean and Chapter having disposed of numbers of old books to raise the wherewithal to purchase more modern works; while the vergers had long been in the

habit of cutting illuminations out of manuscripts, to sell to visitors. This practice was also in vogue at the Leicester Free Library, where a valuable Arabic manuscript, a manuscript Latin Bible, and a copy of Purchas's *Voyages* were bartered away piecemeal.

'What matter a few dirty black-letter leaves picked out of a volume of miscellaneous trash—leaves which the owner never knew he had, and cannot miss—which he would not know the value of, had you told him of them?' is the conscience-salving question the author of *The Book-hunter* ascribes to mutilating biblioklepts; as though they confined their operations to robbing ignorant and non-appreciative book-owners, which is by no means the case. Aymon cut fifteen leaves out of Charles the Bold's famous Bible of St Denis, two of which were afterwards recovered, the other thirteen figuring among the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum. Vespasiano, librarian to Duke Frederick of Urbino, was not providing against imaginary dangers in laying it down that a librarian 'must preserve the books from damp and vermin, as well as from the hands of trifling, ignorant, dirty, and tasteless persons. To those of authority and learning, he ought himself to exhibit the books with all facility; courteously explaining their beauty and remarkable characteristics, the handwriting and miniatures, but observant that such abstract no leaves.'

Men of learning might well come under the Italian librarian's suspicion, or bibliomania has been terribly belied. Aubrey accuses Dr Thorndyke of filching Camden's Autobiography from him as he lay dying. Pinelli was credited with obtaining many of his most valued literary curiosities by the skilful use of his fingers. Monsignor Pamphilio was detected by Du Montier slipping that collector's cherished copy of the London edition of *L'Histoire du Concile de Trente* under his robe; whereupon the angry painter seizing hold of the thief, shook him until the stolen book fell at his feet, to be picked up by its owner, ere he showed the future pope his way out in a very summary and ignoble fashion. More, Bishop of Ely, was charged with enriching his collection of books by plundering the libraries of the clergy of his diocese, paying some with more modern works, some with sermons, and some in no way at all. It was a friend of the prelate who, being caught by a visitor in the act of putting a rare volume under lock and key, explained that the Bishop of Ely was coming to dine with him that day. When Sir Robert South wrote to Sir Robert Cotton to appoint a meeting between him and the founder of Oxford's famous library, he thought it necessary to caution his friend not to leave any valuable books of portable dimensions lying about within Sir Thomas Bodley's reach. Under the pretext of verifying certain statements of Camden, Cotton got possession of sundry public papers, and then successfully resisted all the efforts of their proper custodians to obtain their return. Remembering this, when Agarde, the keeper of the Exchequer Records, died somewhat suddenly,

the keeper of His Majesty's Papers and Records wrote Sir Ralph Winwood that Cotton would be sure to seize upon all the dead official's papers, if not anticipated by a prohibitory warrant.

Cotton's aptitude for appropriating state documents was shared by many a man of note and name. In James I.'s reign, Lord Carew borrowed four books of Irish records from the State Paper Office, and returned but three; and Lord Suffolk held fast to two boxes full of important documents. Milton not only helped himself to the records at Whitehall, but allowed Bradshaw, Thurloe, and others to do the same so freely, that upon Raymond entering upon his duties at the Restoration, he reported that many books, papers, treatises, and records were missing, while none of the state papers of the Commonwealth were to be found. Sir Samuel Morland informed a certain great minister that John Thurloe had four great chests full of papers in his possession; but the minister delayed issuing an order for their seizure, 'for reasons to be judged; and then Thurloe had time to burn them that would have hanged a great many, it is thought, if they had been suffered to speak; and he did certainly burn them all except some principal ones culled out by himself.' A warrant was issued when too late, giving Raymond authority to seize any state papers wherever he could find them. Lord Gerard's Life-guards brought some to light when they attached Bradshaw's goods; but the greater portion of the lost property was beyond recovery. In later days, Lord Shelburne, Lord Egremont, and General Conway, plundered the State Paper Office of various volumes, foreign papers, and the records of Frobisher's Voyages; and Henry VIII.'s papers were appropriated by Lords Cherbury and St Albans.

An essayist of the last century did not scruple to aver that if the libraries and cabinets of collectors were stripped of their borrowed ornaments, many of them would have nothing to show but empty drawers and bare shelves. He professed to know a literary virtuoso who piqued himself upon his collection of scarce editions and original manuscripts, most of which he had purloined from the libraries of others. He was always borrowing books of acquaintances with a resolution never to return them; sending in a great hurry for a particular edition, which he wanted to consult for a moment; but when its return was solicited, he was not at home; or he had lent the book to somebody else; or he could not lay his hand upon it just then; or he had lost it; or he had himself already delivered it to the owner. Sometimes he contented himself with stealing one volume of a set, knowing where to procure the rest for a trifle. After his death, his library was sold by auction, and many of his defrauded friends had the pleasure of buying their own property back again at an exorbitant price.

A little later on, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* commenting on Gough's insinuations against the honesty of Rawlinson and Umfreville, says: 'One might point out enough light-fingered antiquarians of the present age to render such a charge extremely probable against earlier ones.' We would hope that the bibliophiles of our own time are not equally oblivious of the distinction between mine and thine; but one who should

know them well deposes: 'Some collectors have a propensity to obtain articles without value given for them—a culmination of a sort of lax morality apt to grow out of the habits and traditions of the class. Your true collector considers himself a finder, a discoverer, rather than a purchaser; and it is the essence of his skill to find value in those things which in the eye of the ordinary possessor are really worthless. From estimating them at little value, paying little for them, the steps are rather too short to estimating them at nothing, and paying nothing for them.'

Possibly, it is only scandal after all. If it be a true bill, the over-fond lovers of rarities of the press have been lucky in not being brought to book for their knaveries. Don Vincente, the Barcelonese priest, did indeed pay the penalty; but he was a man of many murders, as well as a man of many books; it being his way to sell a rare volume, and regain it again by putting a dagger in the purchaser's heart. Outbidden in a competition for a copy of *Ordinacions per los Gloriosos Reis de Aragon*, he strangled the buyer in his own shop three days afterwards, and by adding arson to murder, prevented his crime being even suspected. It had been plain to the authorities for some time that the dagger-slain men whose bodies were found in river, street, and ditch, had not come to their deaths accidentally; hence, after this additional case of strangling, the police set about searching every house in the city, and when they lighted upon the *Ordinacions* in Don Vincente's possession, their quest was ended. He at once confessed everything, and was duly arrested and arraigned. At the trial, his counsel argued that the confession was false, and that his client had got his books honestly; meeting the objection that one of them, printed in 1482 by Lambert Palmart, being unique, must have been stolen from a certain library, by proving that there was a copy in the Louvre; whereupon the accused exclaimed that he was a miserable man. 'It is never too late to repent,' said the Alcalde, thinking the priest had come to a proper sense of his crime; a belief quickly dispelled by the incorrigible bibliomaniac's reply: 'Ah, Signor Alcalde, my error was great indeed; my copy was not unique!'

The powers that be are privileged to despoil private individuals in the public interest; so we must not say the Ptolemies practised book-stealing by wholesale, when they compelled passengers on board vessels touching at Alexandria, to surrender their literary belongings for the enrichment of that city's library. At anyrate, their intentions were more honourable than those of the Spanish and Italian monks who overran Bohemia after the Thirty Years' War, and who were commissioned to enter the houses of heretics and carry away every Hussite book they could find; a commission so thoroughly executed, that one of them was able to boast that he had seized and destroyed sixty thousand volumes. How many priceless examples of Bohemia's ancient literature thus perished, none can tell. The destruction then wrought made any relic of it so precious, that the directors of the National Museum at Prague were much elated by the receipt, in 1813, of a manuscript of four pages, with a note from the anonymous

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donor, stating that it had been discovered by him in the archives of the house he served; and knowing it would be destroyed if its owner became aware of its existence, he had sent it to the Museum, to secure its preservation. It proved to be *The Judgment of Libussa*, a poem of the eighth century, and the most ancient relic of Slavonic literature extant. It was afterwards ascertained that the patriotic sender was Hovar, steward to Count Colloredo Mansfeld, at Zelena Hora, who deserves to be remembered as the perpetrator of a most praiseworthy theft.

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.

A HOUSEKEEPER.

ALONG the Strand, a living stream of human beings is for ever pouring. Of all the many streets with which I am acquainted, I know none which is so full of never-ceasing vitality as that leading from Charing Cross to Fleet Street. The tide of human life in this thoroughfare ebbs and flows, but it never runs out altogether. In most streets there is a period during every four-and-twenty hours when 'nature seems dead,' and not a soul is to be seen; but not so in the Strand. There are always people moving along sufficient to show that it is an active human watercourse, as little likely as its neighbour the Thames to be drained of its stream.

North and south of the Strand run, at right angles to the parent river, so to speak, numerous small rivulets, which in their sluggish quiet, their dull demureness, their contrast in these respects to the main thoroughfare, may be likened to the sleepy back-waters or the tame little tributaries of a great tidal way on which sea-going ships are borne. And as men tired of a long day's rowing, turn their boats up back-waters and tributaries, and pitch their tents on the shore, 'far from the madding crowd,' so on each side of these drowsy streets are encampments of men who are daily factors in the turbulent tide of London life. Here, in short, are to be found in abundance *chambers* and the class of men who live therein; and in this region flourishes also that unique specimen of womankind the Housekeeper, the Platonic squaw in the social Indian's wigwam. What my housekeeper—that is to say, the good woman whose grandson I rescued one bitter morning in January from being run over by a Pickford's van in Bedford Street, Strand—would say to being called a 'squaw,' I hardly dare to conceive; so I will not attempt to imagine her feelings under such circumstances, but will describe her person as she appeared when first I saw her.

The little boy—the one who nearly fell a victim to the van—was standing on the great square doorstep of a house consisting entirely of chambers. He was going off to school, as the slate under his arm bore evidence; and an elderly female was on her knees adjusting his comforter round his neck, and rubbing his face with a whity-brown handkerchief. The operation over, the elderly female gave the boy a good loud smacking kiss on the cheek and a pat on the back, and so started him off; and a moment after, I had seized him, and, as I have intimated above, prevented what perhaps may prove

to be a remarkable career from being cut short on the threshold by an unexpected and carelessly-driven van. The incident was over in a few seconds, and the boy was restored to the arms of the housekeeper, who promptly spanked him, and drove him sobbing up-stairs, and then turned to thank me. That was how I came to know my housekeeper.

About five feet six in height, this woman, clothed in black bombazine, resembled an exaggerated extinguisher in shape and colour. She had a fair circumference at the hem of her dress, a smaller one at the waist, a still more restricted circle at the shoulders, and a regular little knob of faded black ribbon and lace at the top of her head. The face under the cap was corrugated with conflicting emotions: joy at the escape of the child, anger at his having run into danger, and gratitude to me for saving him. It was difficult to say which feeling was uppermost, until the housekeeper spoke.

'Indeed, sir,' she said, with a strong, very strong, Cockney accent, 'if it 'adn't been for you, 'e'd 'ave been run over; an' run over 'e will be, as sure as ever I'm a-standin' 'ere, one o' these days. Them boys, they never looks which way they're a-going; an' it's a marvel to me as many more on 'em than is isn't run over wif them vans a-careerin' about the place in that shameful way. I've no patience wif them.' Then the bombazine extinguisher turned and disappeared at the far end of a dusty passage, where was a staircase leading to the chambers, and dissolved in the murky gloom of the corridor, as if she were but a 'pilgrim shadow,' instead of a very solid housekeeper.

Shortly after this—my first—interview with the housekeeper, I became acquainted with the interior of the house wherein she lived, through a friend of mine taking chambers there; and in time I grew quite intimate with her. In the course of many talks I had with her, I discovered that the housekeeper was, in her way, a curiosity; a sort of crystallised Cockney, whose mind, instead of being 'widened' by the surrounding influence of the 'thoughts which shake mankind,' affecting all great cities—London particularly—had become 'fossilised' by the conditions under which she lived; stifled by dusters, bounded by brooms, and circumscribed by the very narrow circle within which the home wants of half-a-dozen Bohemian bachelors are contained. Her ideas were limited to bed-making, breakfast-preparing, and tea-finding for 'her gentlemen,' as she called the lodgers. Her sympathies were confined to the welfare or otherwise of these unconscious objects of her solicitude; her affections were concentrated on her only unmarried daughter, a young woman of somewhat flighty disposition; on her little grandson Tommy, who seemed to prefer living with grandma to living with his parents; and, in a mild way, on her husband, a gentleman whose region seemed to be the coal-cellar.

The last-named object of the housekeeper's interest was frequently alluded to by her in a half-contemptuous way as 'that man.' He was described as being 'no good whatever, and certainly no ornament.' He was said to be 'past work,' and a great sufferer from 'wind round the 'art;' but whenever Mr Wentletrap's physical

infirmities were mentioned, his wife would inform me, with proud satisfaction in her tone, that there was one thing about Wentletrap with which she had reason to be gratified, and that was, that she had made him keep up his 'club,' although he had long since given up regular work, so that, 'come what might, she would 'ave twenty pound to bury 'im with.' This interesting fact was told me several times, on occasions when the wind round the heart was unusually bad.

The housekeeper is entirely of the town, and knows nothing of country. She has never seen the sea, though she once thought of going to Margate by boat. Her ideas of rural scenery are gathered from Kennington and Peckham Rye, to both of which places she has, to my personal knowledge, made journeys at very long intervals, arrayed in a violet merino dress trimmed with blue bows, a black velvet jacket, a pair of one of the gentlemen's cast-off dogskin gloves, and a chip-straw bonnet adorned with a bunch of cherries. These trips have been planned with infinite pains, and carried out with indomitable perseverance; and they have resulted on each occasion in a bunch of hot-stalked drooping flowers—in which 'old-man' and sweet-william have predominated—and a violent headache.

The duties of the housekeeper are performed with rigorous punctuality and praiseworthy completeness. The nature of those six gentlemen whom she serves demands these characteristics in their somewhat aged landlady, and I can testify to the faithful way in which she serves them.

Her pleasures are few. The annual 'show' of the Lord Mayor, as it moves along the Strand to Westminster, is the principal excitement of the year; and this, with an occasional visit to the pit of a theatre—the Adelphi, which once boasted of Toole and Paul Bedford, for choice—constitutes pretty nearly all that the housekeeper enjoys of amusement. But even theatres are among those things which, owing to her somewhat weak constitution, she is not able often to indulge in. She one day told me that she was not like other people; she wished she was; but she had much to contend with in being burdened with an imperfect digestion, which interfered greatly with her pleasures in life. For instance, she could not go *properly* to theatres; and upon my asking why she was not able to go to such places with as great propriety as the rest of the world, the housekeeper caught up her apron by the hem, along which she drew the thumb and forefinger of her right hand as she answered, slowly and emphatically: 'Because I can't eat oranges like other people. I'm very fond o' them; but they lay so cold inside!'

If the housekeeper's pleasures are few, her pains are many. What with a 'crick' in the back, a 'stitch' in the side, 'spasms' in the chest, 'shooting-pains' in the head, she is hardly ever free from one or more of the ills that flesh is heir to. But with all these afflictions, the victim is, as she has told me herself, the soberest of women that ever stepped. She does not permit her ailments to drive her to alcohol. She is not like that dreadful woman who looks after the chambers over the way, where the gentlemen cannot call their liquor their own, and where they are fortunate if they find any in their sideboards. *She don't do such things.*

She don't boast of her abstinence. O dear, no! It is inclination, as much as anything else, which makes her abstain. She 'ardly knows one 'sperrit' from another, and she 'ates 'em all.'

Mrs Wentletrap dearly loves a gossip. If my friend is not at home when I call, down the stairs at the sound of my knock, from her own suite of apartments under the slates, comes the housekeeper, ostensibly to receive any message, but really to tell me how Carry, her daughter, is going to be married; how Tommy, her grandson, will go and play with a 'rabble o' boys' on Charing Cross Bridge; how Mr Wentletrap could not get the scuttle higher than the second floor this afternoon 'because o' the wind;' or, far above all these minor matters, how her own 'cricks,' 'stitches,' and 'spasms' have 'worrited' her of late.

She honours me with her confidence; and I am sure I ought to have felt very proud when one day I was actually invited to the housekeeper's attic, there to have a cup of tea. While I was resting myself, Mrs Wentletrap began to talk of her early life. I confess I did not pay much attention to the incidents which she was relating, until, whisking a cloth from off an immense glass shade under which any number of dingy stuffed humming-birds dolefully spread their dusty wings, she suddenly said: 'An' that I 'ave seen better days, I know you will believe when you look at *them!*' Willing to accept the testimony of the birds—or rather, unwilling to doubt the word of the housekeeper—I assented to the probable former existence of the 'better days;' and then the housekeeper sat down on a chair and, looking me earnestly in the face, said: 'I fear, sir, I'm not long for this world. Do you know, I've actually got a new pain! Can you tell me what it means? It's a guzzling!'

'A what?' said I, almost alarmed.

'A guzzling, sir; there's no doubt about it; an' I think it means mischief.'

'Where is it?' I asked.

'Ah! there's where it is, sir; I can't quite say *where* it is; but all I know is, that it's laid 'old o' the in'ards, an' there it'll stop.'

And so ended my last confidential conversation with the worthy housekeeper.

SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

DEMOSTHENES, when trying to encourage the Athenians in the defence of their country, speaking of Philip, said: 'And again, should anything happen to him; should Fortune, which still takes better care of us than we of ourselves, be good enough to accomplish this; observe, that being on the spot, you would step in while things were in confusion, and manage them as you pleased; but as you now are, though occasion offered Amphipolis, you would not be in a position to accept it, with neither forces nor counsels at hand.' His translator adds: 'Important advice this to men in all relations of life; good luck is for those who are in a position to avail themselves of it.'

If we accept this advice, we find the theory of waiting our turn, or sitting still till Fortune shall throw the prize into our lap, a mistake. We hear men exclaim: 'Well, I can't help it.

What is to be, will be.' Or again: 'It must take its chance.' In these cases, we are afraid the chances are very much against success.

To be successful, nothing should daunt us. If we persevere, determined to succeed, we shall be continually finding help and assistance where we least expect it. When all our efforts fail, and we are sunk to the very brink of despair, Providence steps in, and bids us hope again. Perhaps we can make our meaning more apparent by an illustration. A young man who had adopted literature as a profession, was walking sadly along the streets of Paris, determined to rid himself of his life. Through great privations and hardships had he struggled and persevered, but without avail; success would not attend him, and he had determined to die. As he slowly and sadly pursued his way to the riverside, rain began to fall, and unconsciously he paused beneath a portico until it should cease. Standing by his side, was another, who likewise sought shelter from the storm. As they waited silently together, a portion of the brickwork above them gave way, and the companion of the would-be suicide was struck dead. The magnitude of his contemplated crime came forcibly before the young man's mind, as he saw how wonderfully the hand of Providence had preserved him. Accepting it both as a warning and an encouragement, he started home with renewed vigour and a fresh determination to succeed. He is now one of the greatest of French dramatists.

We will give another illustration, to show how important it is that we should watch for and seize upon small opportunities, without waiting for the time that shall require a mighty effort—a time that may never come. A young man had travelled on foot many weary miles to reach a free college. Arriving at his destination, he told his story, and asked for admittance. But the place was already full. Not liking to tell him plainly in words, the superior filled a glass so full of water that not another drop could be added, and silently held it towards the young man. He understood the sign too well, and turned sadly away. But a moment afterwards his face cleared, and stooping, he picked up a withered leaf; this he carried back, and placed on the surface of the water. The incident was his salvation; for he was at once admitted into the institution. We are here taught that nothing, however formidable it may appear, should daunt us in our way through life; for of a surety, man's extremity is God's opportunity.

Another secret of success is a proper appreciation of the value of time. Samuel Johnson tells us: 'He that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single moments, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.' A learned gentleman who had to wait at a railway station for a train was heard to exclaim: 'Ten minutes lost for ever!' Here is one of the greatest secrets, we had almost said the secret of success. Time waits for no man; therefore should we seize upon every moment for profit. Often, whilst contemplating an action, men will say: 'I must do this, or that, when I have time'; but the time never comes, unless they are determined to find it; for there is nothing in life that men could not find an excuse

for neglecting, were they not compelled by interest or necessity to find the time to do it.

Again, there are men who start in life with every chance of success; surrounded by able and willing friends, with all possible advantages to insure their success, who yet remain in the position they were first placed in; or more frequently, letting slip all the precious advantages they have possessed, eventually become objects of charity—pursued to this end, as they would say, by their evil destiny. And all this without any outward or perceptible fault. There are no signs of substance wasted in riotous living, nor any apparent neglect of business. This, when first looked at, appears very mysterious; but when considered for a moment, it becomes apparent that here there has been no aptitude for seizing the favours of Fortune, no valuation of precious moments, but an easy and fatal faith that all must be well with them.

Another great secret of success is confidence in our own powers; for if we do not believe in ourselves, how can we possibly expect that others will believe in us! A man may have every attribute for success, and yet remain 'a nobody' for life, for want of confidence in his own powers—an over-diffidence, standing silently in the background, when he should come forward to be seen and heard. Such a one will find his want of confidence increased as time passes, until at length there will be such a wide chasm between him and his fellows, that he will find it impossible to cross.

'Waste not, want not,' is an old maxim we will touch lightly upon; not that we think it of least importance. On the contrary, we believe it is one of the most important things of life that we should use carefully the gifts Providence has so bountifully bestowed. There is no greater sin than for a man wilfully to waste his substance, as what is unnecessary for his own existence might prove life to others. Bishop Beveridge made such a good rule for his own guidance in these matters, that we may safely term it one of the secrets we are seeking. He determined 'never to spend a penny where it could be better spared, nor to spare it where it could be better spent.' There is no parsimonious spirit shown here; it is simply a practical spending or saving as is really required, and should be well borne in mind by all.

Another great secret of success is the choice of a good wife. Lord Burleigh, in his advice to his son, amongst other things said: 'Use great circumspection in choosing thy wife, for from thence will spring all good or evil; and it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth—neither make choice of a fool; for she will be thy continual disgrace; for then shalt thou find it to thy great grief that nothing is more fulsome than a she-fool.'

There is much truth in the observation that men are what women make them. Although a man need not be subject in any slavish sense to his wife, still he is not unlikely to be influenced by her in some way or other; and fortunate indeed is he who obtains the help meet for him—a loving, careful partner, full of sympathy

and encouragement, smoothing cares and chasing clouds away. How great is the work of our wives!

After all these elements of success, we are still doubtful if the real secret has yet been mentioned. Izaak Walton says: 'Let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estate, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us. I have a rich neighbour who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh. The whole business of his life is to get money and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not necessarily in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And in another place he tells us: 'My advice is, that you be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said: He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.'

These beautifully expressed sentiments of the learned philosopher lead us to ask: Is the true success of life to be gained or looked for in position? Can the man who has successfully traversed the distance between poverty and riches, who has risen from obscurity to fame, be counted successful? We think not, if he lack that greatest of all earthly blessings, Contentment. While it is the duty of every one to endeavour to earn an honest independence, those who fail to achieve riches may still apply to themselves the saying of Richard Lucas, that 'a man may be virtuous though not wealthy; and that that fortune which prevents him from being rich cannot prevent him from being happy.'

SOME CURIOUS SUPERSCRPTIONS.

Not the least interesting of the many postal curiosities to which the newspapers from time to time give publicity, are those relating to addresses on letters; and it occurred to the present writer, after reading the pleasantly written article on Curious Epistles in a recent number of this *Journal*, that possibly a few selections from his collection of curious superscriptions might interest the reader.

While performing at Bolton in September 1802, Hay, the comedian, received a letter from Charles Dibdin, which bore the following address:

Postman, take this sheet away,
And carry it to Mr Hay;
And whether you ride mare or colt on,
Stop at the Theatre, Bolton;
If in what county you inquire,
Merely mention Lancashire.

A letter bearing the following address was received at the office of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, in February 1880:

To Uncle Toby this missive is sent,
And I'm sure the penny is very well spent.
The weekly newspaper, the *Chronicle* named,
Is in Newcastle and through England famed.
Mr Editor this to mine uncle will give,
And I heartily hope that both may long live.

'Uncle Toby,' it may be well to explain, is the

assumed name of the conductor of the 'Children's Corner' in the paper mentioned.

Shortly previous to the arrival of the above, a communication addressed as under reached the same office:

To Newcastle I want to go;
And, now Post-office dearies,
You'll hand me gently, I trow,
To Editor of 'Notes and Queries.'

Some curious examples were published in the *Chromolithograph* in 1868; these among others:

'Mr —, Travelling Band, one of the Four playing in the street, Persha [Pershore], Worcester-shire. Please to find him if possible.'

'E. R—, a cook as lived tempery with a Mrs L—, or some such name, a shoemaker in Castle Street, about No. — Hobern, in 1851. Try to make this out. She is a Welsh person about 5 feet 1 stoutish. Lives in service some ware in London or nabourede London.'

'This is for her that maks dresses for ladies, that livs at tother side of rode to James Brock-lip, Edensover, Chesterfield.'

'This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds two babies. 30 Sherif Street, off Prince Edward Street, Liverpool.'

The wag who sent an epistle to 'The biggest fool in the world, Tunbridge,' had little thought, we may be sure, that it would thus be endorsed: 'The Postmaster of Tunbridge cannot decide to whom he should deliver this, as he does not know the writer.'

It is related in an old almanac that at the end of last century a gentleman wrote a letter to a lady of rank in London, addressed thus: 'To the 25th of March, Foley Place, London.' It was delivered in due course at the residence of Lady Day. A glance at the calendar will show that Lady-Day is celebrated on the 25th March.

Two or three years ago, a gentleman at Ayr received a letter the envelope of which had these lines:

Awa tae auld Scotland, and speer for John Graeme,
It's a wide direction, but a weel kent name,
In the New Town o' Ayr, at the auld Brig-en';
He sells a drap whusky—but the postman will ken—
And if ye should fin' him, as I've nae doot you will,
I'm certain he'll no grudge the postman a gill.

An old 'postie,' of Chepstow, Monmouthshire, informs us that he once delivered a letter with this address:

Postman, my hearty,
Use the uttermost dispatch
In taking this letter
To the Inn Bonny Thatch.

John Kitchen the Landlord
A fine old English Host,
Good Cheer was his motto,
Good Ale was his boast.

On Tutshill, near Chepstow,
On the banks of the Wye,
You will find it with ease,
So, old fellow, good-bye.

We are further informed that an epistle having the following duly reached its destination:

Postman, this missive which I send,
Is for a tried and valued friend;

From England's shores to Ireland's nation—
Mark well the place of destination.
The name is Bird, you'll find the pair,
And young ones, too, in Mountjoy Square,
The number, seven, all snug and neat.
You'll find the nest in Emmett's Street.
So now to Dublin haste away,
And find the Birds without delay;
They'll clap their wings, and sweetly smile
A welcome to the Emerald Isle.

About the year 1850, a Mr Carver was the recipient of a communication from Nottinghamshire bearing these lines. They were published in the *Leeds Mercury* at the time:

I request, Mr Postman, this letter you'll send
To George Carver, my brother, a trusty old friend;
He makes bricks and tiles without straw or stubble,
Free from Egyptian bondage, tho' not without trouble.
At Denton, near Otley, in Yorkshire, you'll find him;
The postage is paid, you have no cause to mind him.

One other example, and that the latest that has come under our notice. In June last, the following amusing address on an envelope passed through the Lochee post-office:

Wake up! my bauld Postie o' Bonnie Dundee,
Gather up your auld traps an' mak' aff for Lochee,
By Camperdown Wood an' by Gourdie's stey brae;
Nor linger at Mackie's dram-shop by the way.
Like a flash o' greased lightnin' leave Fowls far behind,
But at Bell's o' Muirloch you may stop to tak' wind;
Gif the maister's at hame, gie him this like a brick,
And, till I come doon, I'll be awn ye a 'sie!

A MODEL ESTABLISHMENT.

In Seymour Street, adjoining Euston Station, London, there are two large buildings where about fifteen hundred pens are kept busily employed from nine to five o'clock—with but an interval of half an hour for dinner—every working day except Saturday, when they cease at one. This is the Railway Clearing House. Few outsiders are aware of the importance of this office to the railway service. It is really an association instituted to enable railway Companies in England and Scotland to carry on without interruption the through-traffic in passengers, animals, minerals, and goods passing over different lines of railways, and to afford to the traffic the same facilities as if the different lines had belonged to one Company. It constitutes an impartial syndicate that decides all ordinary disputes between contending Companies. It is regulated by Act of Parliament, and is conducted by a Committee appointed by the directors of the Companies who are parties to it—each Company being represented by a delegate, and ten delegates forming a quorum. They hold at least four stated meetings in the year, when the accounts of the clearing system and the balances due to and from the several Companies are settled and adjusted, the decision of the Committee on any disputed question being final.

Nor is this all. When traffic of any kind passes over two or more different lines, the receipts are divided and allocated by the Clearing House according to the number of miles belonging to each Company over which it has passed. There are fixed charges called Terminals allowed to the receiving and delivering Companies. To the novice, this may seem exceedingly simple; however, it is far from being so. Perhaps railway A

is allowed a toll of so much per ton; B gets a fraction as per agreement; C's tunnel of half a mile is entitled to a share of three miles of ordinary line; D receives a special rate in virtue of his viaduct; E is the joint property of A, B, C, and D; F has so much extra distance by virtue of what is termed running powers—that is, he has the right of running over a portion of another's line; while G perhaps claims something special, but has not yet had his claim conceded, the amount of which must be deducted, and kept in suspense till the claim is settled by the Committee appointed to dispose of such matters.

The work of the Clearing House is so complex that it could only be accomplished by a division of labour. For this reason, it is divided into 'departments,' such as Goods, Live Stock, Passengers, Parcels, Mileage, and Time. Except the last two, the names of these explain themselves. The Mileage deals with carriages and trucks, each of which is traced by its own number. At every junction where one line joins another Company's, the Clearing House has a 'number-taker' stationed, whose business is to take the numbers of each carriage and truck and forward them to London. Here they are duly posted up, and a careful account kept of the number of days they have been absent, so that the Company which has caused the detention may pay accordingly. But for this system, carriages would often go amissing. As matters are conducted by the Clearing House, there can be no dispute between parties. The Time department keeps an account of the time expended upon work. The office expenses are divided; and Companies pay for clearing according to their receipts and the number of items comprising them. It should be mentioned that in the Goods department, sums under five shillings are not divided in the usual way. The clearing of such small sums in the ordinary way would be too expensive. After the Terminals are deducted, the remainder is thrown into what is called the Light Traffic Fund, and divided at the half-year's end in proportion to the heavy traffic of the Companies interested. The other accounts are almost all monthly, and must be correct to a penny. Even a small discrepancy at the last moment would be sufficient to detain every clerk in the department till found.

It must be evident that only under the strictest discipline could such an establishment be carried on. On entering in the morning, the first thing each clerk does is to sign his name in a book. This book is removed at two minutes past nine, and every name not found there declared late. Of course there is a book for every room. Anybody absenting himself from the office without leave, whether from illness or any other cause, may expect a visit from a doctor during the day. His business is not to give professional advice, but merely to report in the interest of the office. To such as choose to avail themselves of it, there is a Medical Club, with a doctor to attend subscribers. The 'lates' tell when holidays come round. A few lates mean a few holidays lost; whereas if there are none, and no errors registered against him, the clerk is entitled to a day or two more than the usual fortnight. Dinner and tea can be had on the premises. The dining-room is capable of seating

some hundred diners; while the culinary department is capable of providing for a like number. As the premises and coals are provided free, a dinner can be had much cheaper than outside.

In connection with the establishment there is a co-operative society, known as the Clearing House Supply Association, which by judicious management has proved to be a success. Grocery, provision, and a large assortment of other kinds of goods can be bought at a trifle over cost price. To prevent peculation, neither storekeepers nor Dining Club servants are allowed to receive money. There are agents appointed throughout the office, who, for a trifling commission, examine the bills, receipt them and take cash. Tradesmen advertise in the price list, offering furniture and other articles which it would be inexpedient to keep in stock, at a reduction of so much per cent., ranging from five to twenty-five. Almost anything of domestic utility can be had in this way; and so can clothes, books, and jewellery.

Promotion usually goes by seniority, if the clerk, tested by examination, proves himself competent to hold a more responsible position. These examinations vary according to the different grades. The clerk must be over a stated age, or longer than two years in the service, before he can apply to be examined, or at least expect the benefits due to a successful examination. Before entering the service, candidates are put to a pretty severe test as to general abilities, though figures are the speciality. The ulterior examinations are confined to a knowledge of the different lines, and the ten thousand and one regulations and agreements that keep all the Companies of England and Scotland working harmoniously together.

There is an Athletic Club, a Chess Club, and a Dramatic Society. Singing is encouraged by occasional concerts, that supply an evening's healthy recreation, especially in winter, when outdoor exercise is attended with many inconveniences. The most flourishing institution of this kind, however, is the Literary Society, connected with which there is a valuable Library of several thousand approved volumes. The principal daily and weekly newspapers are taken, as well as the higher-class monthly magazines. At one time a clerk held the post of librarian, and gave the books out after office hours; but of late years the Library employs a man wholly. From time to time the Office Committee votes handsome sums for new books; and this, with the readers' subscriptions, keeps the Library stocked with the best and latest productions of the printing-press. The Reading-room is kept open till ten at night.

A few years ago, in conjunction with some of the Companies, a Superannuation Fund was started, on very liberal terms to the employes, who only pay one half of the subscription, the employers paying the other half. This arrangement, as may be supposed, was heartily received by those whom it was intended to benefit. There is also a Contingent Fund, supported by a small subscription, which in case of illness gives assistance for a period of three years.

In such a vast establishment, to apportion the work so that every part of the machine may

have enough to do, while no part is strained to the point of collapse, is a task requiring a considerable amount of discrimination. This falls to an official who is termed the head of a division, and who has from thirty to twice that number of men under him. In most departments, the clerks work in couples, one being an 'account-man,' who has charge of the work. It is his duty to attend to all matters of a perplexing nature, while the assistant is kept at what is straightforward. The duties of each are so clearly defined, that shirking is all but impossible. The lazy man, who cannot manage to do his work during office hours, must come back at night to make up lost time. Every month's work must be completed at the appointed day. Strange as this may seem, the process of dividing various sums is mostly done by mechanical means. A circular piece of cardboard moves within a rim of the same material, on a pivot. On both sides of the circle thus formed, there are figures, arranged to a mathematical scale. The movable circle has a cross-bar, which serves the purpose of a handle. Now, say we wish to divide L.1000 by 100 in the proportions of 60, 30, and 10. It can be done in a moment by turning the handle till 100 on the inside scale is opposite 1000 on the outside. Opposite 60, 30, and 10, the answers are found in decimals. Some of the clerks are ingenious and dexterous enough to make these 'wheels,' as they are called, for themselves.

The management of the whole establishment devolves upon the Secretary, a gentleman of such wide sympathies and kindly manner, that the Committee were fortunate in having obtained the services of one who has now served their interests long and faithfully. Possessed of rare administrative abilities, he is also gifted with the peculiar power of impressing his own individuality upon subordinates; and this contributes in no small degree to the good feeling and concord which reign throughout the office.

SERENADE.

Done is the summer's day,
Faded the sun's last ray,
Silent each singing bird;
Vespers are sung and said,
And, as my path I tread,
Never a sound is heard.

Under the moon's full light—
Holy, and calm, and bright—
Gaze I with loving eyes,
Up to the castle tower;
Where, like a sleeping flower,
Sweetly my lady lies.

Moon, with thy virgin beams,
Silver my lady's dreams,
Silver her dreams to-night;
Thou art the lovers' friend,
Watch over and defend
My love till morning light.

M. M.

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